

The Valentine Party.

The Green Eyed Monster an Intruder
—Cupid's Masquerade.

The assorted boys and girls were giving a valentine party. Of course all the guests came in pairs.

To begin with the assorted boys and girls, there were of course just as many of the one as of the other, and about the only difference in their outlines was that the boys had legs and the girls had triangular petticoats. It may as well be said at once that they had been artistically cut out of cookie dough and baked and that they were tastefully dressed in rings of different colors, chocolate, white, pink, green, yellow and violet. Nobody was ill bred enough to mention such a thing as the likelihood of their some day being eaten, but it was whispered that this was their destiny, though that anybody save some cannibal child could ever have the heart to do it almost passed belief.

Among the guests at the party perhaps the most showy of all were the snapping crackers. Brilliant, volatile, joyous, fascinating, it must yet be said that their tempers were uncertain. Sometimes they went off with a terrific explosion, sometimes they sulked and wouldn't go off at all, sometimes they pretended they weren't going off and then burned your fingers.

But they were very handsome with their fluttering tissue paper heads and feet and their flower bedecked bodies, and one never knew what sort of cap or toy one might find inside them; so they were a delightful addition to any party. They usually frisked around in couples, flirting desperately.

Besides the snapping crackers there were a great many lovely members of the heart family. In fact they were almost too numerous to mention. There were the very large hand made cream peppermint hearts with a small red peppermint heart pinned coquettishly over one eye with a gilt arrow. These patches were always arranged on the opposite eyes of pairs so that they could gaze languishingly at each other out of the uncovered eyes and were probably intended to indicate that love was only half blind.

Then there were the pierced hearts, large shiny red hearts transfixed by a silver arrow. They carried inside them

a little heart locket and they were always going about complaining of the treasures of love they had stored inside them to lavish on some deserving partner when that person should be found. Though here were pairs of them they never managed to be consoled and it is likely that they enjoyed the situation.

Then there were red satin heart boxes filled with the sweetest and most insipid of candy—but there is a sameness about members of the heart family, they grow monotonous.

Next came the turtle dove postmen with caps on their heads, socks of mail strapped across their shoulders and a letter with a heart seal in the bill. They were love letters of course, and the turtle doves were supposed to deliver them to all lovers, but instead they kept giving them to each other with much billing and cooing so that the letters merely circulated among the doves instead of reaching their proper destination.

Then there was the silver padlock and key. This pair was not so well matched as many people supposed, for the padlock constantly urged the necessity of locking love up and the key as constantly argued that he should be left free to come and go; but nobody paid much attention to their discussions.

Another misunderstood pair was the gilt bow and arrow. Instead of being



HE WAS THE MOST INNOCENT LOOKING PERSON.

as is commonly thought, of a malicious and predatory nature they spent all their time kissing other bows and arrows and saving sweet nothings to them. But the kisses, sometimes called meringues by those who wish to air their French, were the most gushing of all. Of course every one knows that they are made of white of egg and sugar and nobody expects much of them, which is fortunate, for they are a mere fluff of sugary sentiment and can do nothing in this world but flow kisses in every direction and beg every one to love them.

The real lion of the party was a beautiful cake covered thickly with white icing and with a wreath of red hearts stuck around the top. Everybody was excited about the cake, not so much because it was rich and beautiful as because somewhere in its delicious interior an engagement ring had been baked, and whoever got the piece with the ring in it when the cake was out would be engaged, a thing



THE ASSORTED BOYS AND GIRLS.

much to be desired, for with all the billing and cooing nobody was engaged as yet. The cake itself opposed a handsome solidity to the general flow of sentiment. Of the whole party it was the only thing satisfied to be single.

To make the time pass quickly before the cake could be cut, kissing games were proposed which seemed appropriate, and the suggestion was received with great enthusiasm by all. There was post office and pillows and keys, and clap in and clap



ALL CAME IN PAIRS.

out, and oats, peas, beans, and Sally Waters, all very sweet games when played in the properly impersonal spirit, but as often happens in kissing games what should have been a joy to all concerned proved a source of unhappiness and dissension. It was at this moment that the green eyed monster sneaked in uninvited to the party.

At first it lurked in corners, but finally it had the whole party in its grasp. The first game they played was post office. As every one knows, when you play post office somebody goes out of the room and that somebody whispers to the post-

man, and after that the pistache boy was green with jealousy. The green eyed monster got him first.

Then when you play pillows and keys you bring a cushion and kneel down on it before the one you fancy and she has to kneel on it and kiss you, and it somehow happened, either through inadvertence or indecision, that one of the gentlemen snapping crackers threw his cushion down almost between two lady snapping crackers and each thought he meant her.

"He did mean me, you know he did. He's always been my beau," said one. "Because you ran after him. He's always been dying for a chance to kiss me," retorted the other.

"You're a flirt!" "You're a jealous cat."

"I hate you!" and shreds of tissue paper hair began to fly while the gentleman cracker dropped his cushion and fled. About this time couples began to be mixed up and everybody having a turn the chocolate girl, who seemed to be particularly attractive, began to add gentlemen bows and arrows, gentlemen peppermint hearts and gentlemen crackers, besides two or three assorted boys to her train of admirers. This left several unattended ladies and when clap in and clap out was played and nobody called for them the poor things were found weeping with mortification in corners and they vowed they were going home.

The gentlemen turtle doves began pay-



THE GREEN EYED MONSTER SNEAKED IN.

ing marked attention to the lady peppermint hearts while the gentlemen pierced hearts told the lady turtle doves how cruelly they were misunderstood at home. Two gentlemen bows and arrows had a vicious fight over a lady pierced heart and a lady bow and arrow slapped the vanilla girl hard for making eyes at a gentleman bow and arrow. The meringue kisses were still placid, but they were so light and foolish that they were incapable of jealousy and blew kisses in all directions as gushingly as ever.

At that moment it seemed that the party was about to break up angrily under the malign influence of the green eyed monster, but some one discovered that another unbidden guest had just made his appearance, and shortly the attention of every one was attracted from their bickerings to the newcomer. He was the most innocent looking creature ever seen, and appeared to be a baby about three years old in Canton flannel night clothes.

His hair was curly, he was just half awake and so very, very shy that he couldn't be induced to say a word at first. But after a while, when they had all crowded round him and all the gentlemen had patted him on the head and all the ladies had called him darling and asked him where he came from, he stuck his thumb in his mouth and said "Who are you?" And they straightway forgot all about their quarrels and cried "Oh, we're lovers!"

"What's that?" asked the baby.

"Oh," they all answered sagely, "that's when one person loves one other person better than any one else."

"But what is it to love some one?" asked the baby.

"Why, it's to think they're the very nicest person in all the world," said the lovers fervently.



"YOU DIDN'T KNOW I WAS CUPID!"

As the baby still looked mystified ones of the turtle doves led him up before the cake.

"Now, for example," said the turtle dove, "you see that cake? It has baked in it an engagement ring. Somewhere inside it is the ring, but nobody knows just where; but when the cake is cut some one will get that piece and then that person will be engaged. Isn't that fine?"

"Engaged?" said the baby. "But what is it to be engaged?"

"Really, don't you know what it is to be engaged? Why, it is, it must be, joy and rapture. It's what we're all hoping for," they answered him.

"But what happens when you're engaged?" he asked.

"I happen," said the kiss, blowing innumerable kisses, "kiss and then bliss."

"But what is a kiss?" asked the baby.

"A kiss! A kiss!"

There was consternation; even a baby ought to know what a kiss is, and they



THE TURTLE DOVE, THE KISS AND THE PIERCED HEART.

AN OUTING ON SNOWSHOES

ADIRONDACK EXPERIENCES OF A PARTY OF AMATEURS.

Not Hard to Manage the Snowshoes—A Day in the Woods in Below Zero Weather—Following a Trail—Around the Camp Fire—Gorgeous Costumes.

SARANAC LAKE, Feb. 11.—When the young woman of Hartford's literary set, the Mark Twain School, suggested that she would like to take a snowshoe trip off in the woods, as distinctive from slipping around the streets of this village if a party of strictly amateur snowshoers could be made up, she was told that her wish would be granted as soon as a favorable day came.

The day came, a blooming winter's day. Like most ideal winter days in the Adirondack hills it came unexpectedly. They have a trick of appearing from apparently the most unpromising meteorological conditions and vanishing as suddenly. When one comes you want to catch it and use it for all there is in it.

This day dawned without a bluish sky, a speckless blue and a bright sun showed his head in the East. You chattered around for a while until you glimpsed the thermometer and then you knew it was below zero weather, for all the sun and the brightness of outdoors.

After breakfast the snowshoers were rounded up. They were told that they would be driven several miles out of the village and turned loose on a trail in the woods to shift for themselves for the rest of the day. No one prepared was the warning. Don't worry about snowshoes, old fashioned and new fangled ones would be provided. But be sure to come well bundled up.

An extra sweater or two would not be scorned after sundown; and it is not late in the afternoon when the sun's fire goes out the days. A few layers of stockings up to the knees would not be uncomfortable, and over them put a pair of moccasins. Perhaps you will not have very shaggy underlinings, but it will be much easier getting over snowbanks if moccasins are fitted to snowshoes.

These precautions having been taken

the party is ready. For the ride out to the trail they wear their fur coats and caps, and many blankets are tucked around them. It is all necessary you soon find out, for the sun hasn't produced enough warmth yet to put the mercury up to the zero mark. And it would never do to have cold feet or to have an ear nipped or a cheek frosted before the day's fun had really begun.

For those who are to have their first experience with snowshoes there are many fears and doubts as the sleigh pulls over the steep roads out of the village, past houses that become more scattered as you come to land that the State has preserved for its people. The road becomes more narrow and less beaten. It is pounded and slurred in spots where heavy lumber trucks have left their mark. The sleigh slips over these glazed spots and seems perilously near to going over the edge of the road, but it doesn't, and the driver smiles at the cries of the girls, proud of the fact that he knows the country and hills so well that a sleigh has never overturned while he was driving it.

The guide of the party, a young doctor who is something of an amateur woodsman, signals to the driver and announces that everybody is to jump out and hit the trail. To the uninitiated there is no sign of a trail. The sides of the road are banked with snow and tangled brush, but you are not going to show your ignorance and you jump out with the rest.

Then the fur wraps are thrown off and behold the costumes of the snowshoers. A gorgeous person displays sturdy old soaked moccasins, bright red stockings, a nifty toque with a tassel effect to match, and a mackinaw jacket of weird pattern and colors that are wonderful and unmistakable. Around his waist is a bright red scarf tied in the prevalent snow shoeing style. He is a Canadian visitor who knows something about the game, and he might have stepped out of a Maxfield Parrish painting.

The other costumes are equally astonishing and appropriate. The guide, who carries the pack basket, is easily distinguished from the rest of the group by bottle green knickerbockers of original design. He is a businesslike person and modestly denies that he conceived his costume with the idea that it would be

impossible for him to stray away from the party or the party from him.

Everybody does for herself or himself as plain as the road had been. It is a winding trail, as all trails should be. No one has been over it recently, but there is no trouble in following it.

The snow is firm and the shoes, which seem to be unmanageable things, push you along, leaving only their imprint on the trail. Instead of digging into the snow and dragging and hauling out your feet, you slip over the top of it, with a little more uncertainty perhaps than if you were walking on a level road.

It is all too easy, it seems; and then you encounter your first obstacle. A tree has fallen across the trail. The guide goes over it in a sort of sliding and undulating fashion. The girl who follows him is not cautious. A catastrophe! Her shoe slips and she tumbles over the tree.

Everything goes wrong then. The edge of her shoe gets caught under the log. She hurriedly tries to rise and the other shoe is caught. The more she tries to free herself the tighter she is held. Finally she gives up and accepts aid.

Two male amateurs stumble and struggle to help her accomplish a heroic rescue. She laughs and enjoys the incident as much as the others who are wondering when their turn will come.

They profit by experience and the obstacle is passed without disaster. There are a few more dangerous spots, but they are taken carefully and there are no more accidents. Of course there are mistakes and near falls and occasionally the progress of exploration is delayed by some one's shoes becoming jammed, but they are only considered minor happenings.

The woods are quiet and placid, the wind not even stirring the leaves, which are covered with snow. Occasionally an animal's track crosses the trail. One is a sure enough deer track, but the others are the footprints of rabbits and squirrels. There is no other sign of life and very little talking by the party. It is cold, colder than the warm sun tints on the snow and trees would have you believe.

Suddenly the trail opens on a lake and you are in a sunlit arena of white. Everything is white. On each side are snow-clad hills sloping down to the lake and merging with it. Beyond are higher hills with glistening white crests. And beyond them is the knob of Whiteface standing above them all.

You are glad to be in the full play of the sun again and to bathe in its warmth, but there is no pause as the guide cuts across the lake, explaining that it is time for lunch. You have been on the trail only a short time, it seems, but you realize from the position of the sun that it is around the conventional lunch hour. There are also human signals to the same effect that you hadn't recognized before, so you follow the guide uncomplainingly.

He leads you across the lake and pushing aside some brush and limbs of young trees he clambers up the hill. It is a short pull and you are in a cleared space which is invisible from the lake. There is a rough camp, with a table and a bed of pine and balsam. It is an inviting bed. Around the place are thrown several pillows. The shack is really a board lean-to. There is no door and nothing is locked, only a sign saying that visitors are welcome, but please do not take the furnishings.

"Not a bad idea," says the city bred youth from the Broadway and Forty-second street campfire. He is thirsty. "Where's your spring?" he asks.

"No spring," replies the guide. "Have some water in a moment, just as soon as we get the fire going. Pack a tin can full of snow and melt it. That's our water." "But snow water isn't good." "The wise young man stops. The guide has an axe on his shoulder and a pall in his hand. Perhaps it wouldn't be well for the city youth to display all his knowledge. There was a twinkle in the guide's eye that stopped him. Of course the

water came from a hole chopped in the ice in the lake.

It takes some coaxing to get the fire blazing; everything is wet and frosted. Once teased into life it is a roaring one. The girls have been unpacking the pack basket and trading sandwiches, cheese, crackers, milk, sugar, coffee, marmalade, chops and sausage. Two poles are rigged in V shape over the fire. An aluminum perforated can filled with coffee is dropped into a pair of water and soon there is coffee without grounds. It is a modern improvement on a chesecloth sack. The chops are broiled and the sausage browned in a pan.

"But you have no butter or grease for the chops; they'll be dry," is the plaint of the girl who had studied her cook book.

"Won't need any," replied the girl who has been in the mountains for years and has had campfire experience.

"She was right. The chops were tender and sweet, as only chops can be that are flavored by a campfire and eaten on a cold day with fingers for forks."

Steaming coffee and red hot sausages thawed out sandwiches that had frozen stiff. But they were good, so good! It was a filling meal and a joyous one.

After lunch the men sat around the fire and talked and smoked. "I had a great hunting experience once," says the doctor, "Millard Oris, a guide up here, told me one morning that I'd get my gun and would sit where he put me. He said it was so close to me that I couldn't miss him. He showed me the runway and told me to watch the deer as he came along."

"I waited at the door came. But he didn't come exactly along the walk that Millard had named. He was a few feet off the other side of it. I was so shocked at being disappointed in Millard's calculations that I forgot to fire until the deer was scotching off. Then I missed him. Millard was terribly disappointed."

"The doctor could tell one on himself and he was voted a true story. There were other stories and then the Canadian mentioned that the warm side of the fire was a trifle odd. Which called attention to the fact that he was dipping away in the west. It was time for the return. The scenery had changed. The arena was a cold white. The sky was mackerel, a sign of snow. The tops of the hills were gray and forbidding. The shades in the woods had turned solemn and dark where they had been gay and bright. "Oh welcomed the sleigh and the fur robes. You also welcomed another meal, though a few hours before you were confident that you would not be hungry

again for days. How pleasantly sleepy you were after the meal! A chance to hear the Harvard pedagogues discuss the cosmic sweep of Shakespeare or a game of piquet had no attractions. You never thought you would ever really want to go to bed at 7:30, but you did and you slept through into the next day, when you found that the mackerel sky was an excellent sign; a healthy and boisterous blizzard was swirling over the hills.

IF IN DOUBT ASK THE STARTER.

Here are Some Questions Put to Him by People in Office Buildings.

If you are looking for a job, easy money, a red headed man, a pretty girl or anything else, go and ask the elevator starter. That is apparently what everybody else does. Which elevator starter? Oh, any of them or all of them.

The elevator starter then a man of unusual intellect? Well, he needs to be. He is supposed to carry under his cap knowledge of everything. If you don't believe this stand by his side for ten minutes some day and listen.

The elevator starter can be found in every large office building in New York. He directs anywhere from four to twenty cars. He keeps these cars going regularly. To save him from walking backward and forward all day noisy office buildings have a push button board arrangement at which the starter may rest himself and keep his finger on each car.

He may appear idle, but he never is. His work may appear easy, but the chances are he considers it a monotonous existence, enlivened only by the questions of the want to know.

A man of business approaches, "Is Mr. Smith in?" he asks.

The elevator starter, in charge of eight elevators in a building that has two stairways, three outer doorways, twenty floors and hundreds of offices, shakes his head.

"I'm sure I don't know," he replies. "You don't know? I should think you would. You ought to know. What are you here for?"

"First car going up," says the starter. "Eighth floor, No. 855." And he pushes the button for car No. 1 to ascend.

A young woman came next. "Can you tell me where I can find a tall, thin man; wears black clothes? Don't know his name or his office number; think he

may have desk room somewhere in this building."

"What's his business?" the starter asks. "That's what I wanted to find out," she snaps.

"Can't help you, ma'am. A messenger boy comes up. He handed the starter a couple of envelopes. "Where'll I find 'em?" he asks. "Eighteenth floor, for this one," is the reply, "and this one is addressed to 302 Broadway or something."

"What floor over there is he on?" questions the messenger.

"Ask Swensen," he knows. "Another boy steps up. "Say," he says, "know of anybody in the building that wants to hire a boy?"

"Buy a paper. I ain't no help wanted column."

"Well, you needn't get gay about it. "What I want to know," begins a man from the country. "Is how the elevators are worked, and how far the red cord goes down into the ground, and what electricity plays with the cars and where the connecting wires of the signal board and the cars are, and if much water is used, and."

"Business manager, sixth floor." "But I thought."

A young woman carrying a satchel and evidently a fixture in the building, went out of an elevator and over to the starter. "John," she says sweetly, "what time does the Twentieth Century Limited leave Grand Central?"

"You've got me," he answers. "I'd give the world to be able to tell you. Time tables are out in the corridor. I'll give John."

Then came a little diversion. A couple enter. "First car going up," says the starter. "What's the matter with that clock there, the one that's empty, and it's giving John?"

"Sure, but the first goes up first. None of my business."

He turns to an acquaintance. "What's another funny thing we have jabbed at us," he says. "Try to tip on to the first car going up and there the sally."

"Say, John," asks one young woman typewriter, advanced, "how often do the subway expresses run?"

"I ain't sure whether it's eight to the minute or one every eight minutes," replies John. "They'll tell you over there though."

All the year around it's the same thing. In summer the starter is asked, "Where's the car?" In fall he's asked, "How's the football game coming on?" In winter they want to know "Why don't they keep it warm in here?" or "What's so much snow on a floor?" In spring, "What opera's on to night?"